

# The Mole

September-October 2023

Issue#2



## From House to trig point It's Winder all the way!

Above: Our new Year 10, 11 and 12

### KATY DE LA RIVIERE

For decades, fresh faced Sedberghians have been taken up Winder fell on their first day at school. This activity, always completed as a House unit is led by House prefects who take the newly arrived Year 9's in to the Howgills to look down on the town of Sedbergh situated below.

The school, the Lake District fells, Morecambe bay and much of the Ten Mile route are visible from the top of Winder making this experience key in orienting new pupils to the landscape that will host them for the next five years.

The right-of-passage, climbing Winder, marks the transition for each of these young people as they become a Sedberghian.

This tradition is particularly relevant to the pupils of Winder House which takes its name from the fell. Winder House was established during the First World War. The school swelled in numbers as parents sought a stable war time home for their children.

Winder House was established in 1915 in Highfield Villas, at the foot of Winder fell. Powell House and Winder initially combined in sporting competitions when they competed as 'United Houses' against the long-established houses of Evans, School, Hart and Sedgwick. At first Winder was intended to be a temporary overflow house but numbers grew rapidly and it soon housed 42 boys.

When it became clear in the 1920's that the high demand for places had not been diminished by the cessation of fighting a new, full sized Winder House was planned in it's current location.

At first the Governors decided that the name Winder should remain with the closest house to the fell, which would require a name change when boys moved to the newly completed house.

However, when plans were set in motion to change the name of Lupton to Winder, and vice versa pupils from both houses rebelled and it was agreed that the name Winder would move with the boys to their new home.

The modern Winder House opened in 1926 with Housemaster Reverend Neville Gorton in post.



Year 9 – They climbed as new pupils...  
They descended as Sedberghians



**A word from  
the Head of  
House**  
A reflection on  
our first half



As the term has started, the house has been full of energy, which kicked off as the new Winderians got settled into their new home. Their first task was to summit 'Winder', the school's talismanic hill and we are proud to share its name as a house.

Following this challenge, we welcomed back the rest of the house. This was an enjoyable sight to see, all boys mixing and making friends within every year group. As a house I would say we have become a very close bunch of lads that value each other's company.

The positive energy within the house has been boosted by our recent task of house Unison. House unison is a competition between the houses, where we will be performing a song in front of the whole school, the performance is then scored by the school's music department. The song we will be singing this year is 'Don't Stop Believing' by Journey.

Thus far, we have been very successful as everyone has dived straight in and given their all to learning the lyrics and listening to advice we have been given. We have been adventurous this year and are planning to have Joe Davies playing the piano, Henry Scott on the drums and Adam Campbell playing the bass guitar, which I think will boost our chances of winning the competition.





# Year 9’s Sailing debut With Winder’s very own DI

MARIA DUCKHAM



Year 9 had a lovely morning on Sunday as they ended the week sailing around Killington reservoir.

Having just visited the army section, they arrived with their faces caked in camo paint, and we could just about recognised a bunch of happy Winderians.

After being kitted out with a buoyancy aid and a helmet the boys were soon on their way across the reservoir. There wasn’t too much wind, which was fine for a first day, and every one had a go! We hope to see many of these young lads joining the Royal Navy section.

They were very fortunate to have Angus (y12) as a Dinghy Instructor.

Angus joined us earlier this month and he is already showing some great leadership skills. Today, he taught the Y9s how to rig and derig a Pico. As a fully qualified DI and Power Boat driver, he was also able to go on the water and support the Yr9s.

He was absolutely brilliant and it was fantastic to see him teach in such a natural way.

I look forward to seeing him take on bigger role in the RN.



## Getting dirty with the Army in Akay wood

A QUOTE FROM DOM



“I have really enjoyed going through the woods and using the camouflage paint, but I thought sailing was much more fun because we got to sail a boat.

At first it wasn’t easy but then we worked it out and we got faster and it was really good fun”







The boys receiving their Jersey at the start of term



## 1st XV jerseys at Busk

JOSH



It was a fantastic and rewarding experience for us all, proving that our hard work and dedication through the summer and the previous season had paid off. It was a great way to begin the school year.

So far, we have played in all three of the 1st XV games, performing well, with outstanding tries from both George and Will. As a squad we have been victorious in all of our games so far and hope for many more wins in the coming weeks.

On the first Thursday of the school year, four other Winderians and I were lucky enough to be presented with our 1st XV jerseys at Busk pavilion by the Headmaster.



## From boots to booth

WILL



Every year, a group of Y13 pupils are awarded a booth for continued academic effort and for achieving some of the highest results in L6 end of year mocks.

With A levels just round the corner the booth will be a helpful space; to have other people around me who can help me if I am ever struggling with an assignment or just need someone to help with revision.

There is often quite a few of us working up there as the same time, always willing to support each other.

I am delighted to have been awarded my academic booth and it feels good to have been recognised for the effort I put into my studies. I study Biology, business, PE and I am working towards studying sport and exercise science at university.

The library is one of the oldest parts of the school and is a grade 2 listed building. It is a stunning environment in which to work in and I am constantly amazed by some of the old books I find in there. To be able to study in such a beautiful building is very much an honor and I am determined to do the best out of the opportunity I have been given.



Winder House  
@WinderHouse







# Labour Or Labor

Definition: A collective noun for a group of Moles



WILL & HUGO

It has been a busy half term for the Moles as Winder has seen the return of the ‘labour’ system, with lunches every Friday where the house is divided vertically.

A few members of each year group come together to enjoy fish and chips, it provides a nice chance for younger and older years to get to know each other. This is a very important time, especially for the younger years who might otherwise not get much opportunity to mix with with the 6<sup>th</sup> form.

As older boys, it’s a chance for us to listen to their concerns and also share our wisdoms. Well, we try!

This half term, this culminated in the inter labour five-a-side football competition where the Holmes + Fotherby marauders managed to take the win 2-1 against a tough opposition from Potts + Buller et al.

Blacks were declared the winners.

The Moles are also churning through renditions of ‘Don’t Stop Believing’ in an attempt to claim a podium position in the up-coming inter-house singing competition.

Watch this space!

# Middle School Debating

RAMSAY

Over the last two weeks a Winder House middle-school debating team have competed in 2 Debate’s. In our first Debate we faced up against Evans House, this was a tough challenge as they were all experienced year 11s.

This was our first debate as a team. Oscar, Sasha and I (Y10s) had to argue against:

“Wealthy countries should do more to help others with the impact of climate change.”

We found the research aspect of this topic quite challenging and difficult.

With our slight lack of experience, we lost by 1 point to Evans which was frustrating because we believed we had done well. In our opinion we think lack of experience had cost us quite a few valuable points.

Going into our second debate against Sedgwick House we were ready, prepared and we knew exactly what we had to do to give ourselves a good chance of winning. We were the proposition this time arguing for the point that “All students should go to boarding schools.” Daniel (Y9) replaced Oscar this week and we ultimately won by 7 points which was very exciting. We believe that we did exceptionally well getting the second highest score yet in the debating mark schemes.

We worked as a team much better and argued well. We picked up on the points that cost us last week, definitely creating a better argument. We now await a response whether we have made the semi-finals.

Daniel, Oscar, Sasha and I highly recommend this to all students in house to get involved in because it is very enjoyable, and it could improve your public speaking significantly. Ultimately it is a great opportunity to get involved in.







# Year 9’s Play Three little pigs



## GETHIN ROBERTS

The Year 9 Winder boys spent the evenings of their first week at Sedbergh practicing for the Drama Competition. Each house had to present a version of a traditional fairy tale, as retold by Roald Dahl.

This year, we were tasked with putting on The Three Little Pigs. The boys worked very hard, with everyone taking a speaking part either as a character or a narrator. They practised with great enthusiasm while being given direction by some of the prefects.



They all gave memorable and committed performances, with Dom, Roman and Henry donning pink tutus and snouts to play the titular pigs.

The reaction was very positive, with Winder house finishing in the top three.

Particular congratulations must go to Dom as one of the pigs and Adam as the wolf, who were given special acting commendations.

Well done to all involved!

## OS weekend

It was fantastic to catch up with a number of Old Winderians from a range of vintages over the OS weekend. The weekend featured a range of events and activities including a memorial service for Michael Raw, the OS dinner, brunch in the House and the usual variety of sports fixtures. Well done to the 5 OW’s who donned their boots for a run out on Busk and to our own Mr Speight who marked his hockey goalkeeping debut with a memorable penalty flick save!





Halloween Writing Competition

Winder’s Halloween tale

BY BENE



A chorus of wolves penetrated the otherwise eerie nights’ silence. The moons sharp cold daggers cut through the depressing night with ease, Winder’s clear-cut outline starkly contrasting the evening’s windswept sky. An ominous fog hung heavy in the air, blanketing the moorland, and engulfing the dales.

In the heart of this ominous night, against his better judgement, a brave yet foolhardy Winderian ventured into the forgotten tunnels, fuelled by a dare. Armed with nothing but a flickering phone light, he descended into the

depths of the basement tunnels, where the chill seemed to seep into his very bones.

As he navigated the long winding passages, his phone light cast eerie shadows that danced like malevolent spirits on the walls. Whispers, like ethereal sirens, echoed around him, their origin impossible to pinpoint.

In the inky darkness, he sensed a presence, lurking just beyond the reach of the feeble glow. He could hear a soft, ominous rustling, immediately followed by the sound of sharp daggers scraping against stone. His nose was overwhelmed by the scent of something fetid and decayed.

He was not alone in those forsaken tunnels.

He dared not look back, every instinct in his body strongly warned against it. Instead, he quickened his pace, the entity's presence close behind, like a shadowy specter that refused to be shaken.

As he stumbled through the twisting labyrinthian passages, his light grew dimmer, and his fear swelled. The tunnel walls seemed to close in around him, and the air grew heavy. Against his instincts warning, his head swivelled in hope of catching a quick glimpse of something beyond the edge of his flickering light.

Eyes.

Glowing red eyes, like embers in the abyss. They bore into his soul, and he could feel their malevolence searing through him. A guttural growl reverberated through the tunnels, and

then he knew he was in the presence of something truly unholy.

The entity drew closer, its form shifting and indistinct, obscured by the darkness. His heart raced, his breaths shallow and ragged.

There was no escape.

It closed in, its spiked fur brushed against him, sending shivers down his spine. He could feel its prickly vibrissae, like a thousand needles, piercing his flesh. His mind reeled, and he could take no more.

In a final act of desperation, he dropped the phone, plunging himself into almost total darkness. The malevolent presence loomed over him, and he now noticed the dozens of red glows peering at him.

The last vestiges of his sanity slipped away, as one of the behemoths inched towards him his phones light revealed it in all it’s terrifying glory—a grotesque, nightmarish creature, its spiked fur now transformed into a dark, purple mass. It was the embodiment of the darkest recesses of the human imagination, a grotesque, infernal mole that had claimed him for its own.

**The child's screams echoed through the tunnels; the purple moles continued their dreadful reign in the depths of Winder House.**



Horreur at Windeur! By Marceau

Harry's breath came in ragged gasps as he lay in the darkness, his heart pounding with fear. What had begun as a fitful night's sleep had now turned into a relentless nightmare. But what terrified Harry even more was the eerie stillness that enveloped his dorm. None of his mates had stirred from their slumber.

He had reluctantly drifted back to sleep for a brief hour, unable to shut his eyes completely. When he woke, the day had darkened into a cold, murky afternoon, and Harry's apprehension worsened. He had to see the housemaster.

His footsteps echoed ominously through the empty school hallways. His urgency grew with each echoing footfall. As he entered the housemaster's office, he was met with a chilling void—no one was there. Panic stricken, he reached for his phone, only to find that it had no signal, neither 4G nor Wi-Fi.

A sense of dread washed over him. As he contemplated his next move, an eerie laugh suddenly reverberated in the still air. His blood ran cold, and a shiver ran down his spine. It could have been anyone, another Winderian, but he knew it was something far more sinister. Whatever was lurking behind him held malevolence in its unseen features, and Harry was consumed by a gnawing sense of insecurity. He had to get out. Run away. Cross the river.

He dared not look back, every instinct in his body strongly warned against it. He

opened the door and at first forced himself to walk but then feeling the entity's presence close behind, he quickened his pace.

He imagined an abhorrent, monstrous purple mole, inching forward, its movements sluggish and grotesque. It breathed heavily, each exhale sounding like a gruesome, drawn-out wheeze.

When Harry finally gathered the courage to confront the nightmarish creature, he found himself eye to eye with a featureless face, devoid of eyes, nose, or mouth. The unearthly beast made a blood-curdling scream, a sound that pierced Harry's eardrums and echoed in the deepest recesses of his mind.

Without a moment's thought, he fled, his heart pounding faster than ever before. He burst through the front door, not knowing why he had chosen this path, but instinct told him that the other side of the river would bring safety.

As he passed through the rusty metal gate, it tore at his left arm, leaving a trail of blood. He sprinted recklessly, the sound of breaking branches behind him amplifying his terror.

The other side of the river was now tantalizingly close, just beyond the last gate, a mere 50 meters away. Harry turned and saw the monster, less than 10 meters behind, racing towards him with malevolent intent.

With a sudden burst of agility, he vaulted over the final gate and sprinted desperately through the nearly dry mud. His feet stumbled but he regained his footing at the last moment. Though the footsteps behind him grew fainter, Harry dared not slow down.

Finally, he reached the river stones and crossed to the other side. Gasping for air, he looked back at Winder House the terror still fresh in his mind. “I am safe now” he thought just as the ground crumbled beneath him.

Darkness and cold enveloped him as he awoke. He heard the haunting voice of the housemaster and the distant howling of unseen dogs, but his mind was muddled, and his senses were in disarray.

He felt his strength slipping away, but as he forced his eyes open, he realised that he was bathed in blood—his own blood. With his last show of strength, he turned his head and saw the purple mole by his side, its face now twisted in agony, blood streaming from its empty eye sockets.

As he was slowly dragged away, in the depth of the tunnel, his nails scarring the earth in a last effort for survival, he remembered the little French boy whispering in his ear “don’t stay in the house for Halloween, c’est la nuit de l’horreur à Windeur!”





Where are they now?

OLLIE KAY

Although I left Winder House back in 2020, the wonderful times that were had are still fresh in the memory. A mixture of laughs, friendships, yardy, and of course, occasional mischief all come to mind when thinking back to the 4 years that I had in Winder House. I came to Winder eager, quite rough around the edges and admittedly, a slightly arrogant 14-year-old. At first Mr Mahon took a firm approach, which as a cocky year 10 I couldn't understand but I grew to appreciate it and became full of gratitude for the role that Mr Mahon played in my formative years at Sedbergh, allowing me to grow and better understand myself through his guidance.

I believe that in every house, in every year, each boy or girl will say that they "got lucky" with their house, but without being clichéd, I certainly did. I made friends for life that I still see regularly and will continue to do so until they eventually get tired of seeing me. But the relationships do not end with the year, and I believe that this is a trait particularly unique with Winder House; even as recently as the past weekend I was mixing with and visiting Winder boys from years above and below sharing common stories of the times that were had whilst in the house.

Unfortunately, Covid affected much of my sixth form and when we returned to school a new form of Saturday socials was created (in-house-socials). These were slightly dreaded at first but they soon became the evenings that we looked forward to the most. It meant Saturday evenings of late-night chats and drinks with the Mahons, Mr Speight and the Sixth form. These were always a good laugh and certainly brought us all closer.

Christmas dinner evening of year 13 will be remembered purely because of the dodgy solo rendition of 'if you got the money' performed by Leo Johnson, James Goldberg and myself in front of a crowd of a somewhat surprised (albeit impressed) Mahon family. The confidence to do that, aside from partial Dutch courage, was the feeling of acceptance into the Mahon family but more than that the Winder family, which is exactly what it is... a family.

Anyway, I could reminisce for longer than I'm sure this section of The Mole would allow so, where am I? I'm currently studying History and International Relations at the University of Exeter, on the Penryn, Cornwall campus. It is such a fantastic uni with so much on offer. I've picked up new hobbies including surfing and spearfishing, meaning I've been eating lobster at least once a week which certainly beats the regular pot noodle uni diet! I'm moving into my third year now, which is a year in employment; at the end of the month, I will be jetting off to India for 8 months, starting in Delhi where I will be starting a media and journalism placement with Asian News International before moving on to Reni Pani jungle lodge located in Satpura National Park in Madhya Pradesh to work on a nature camp. Both will hopefully provide unique and exciting opportunities in addition to the beautiful places that I will be working in and visiting.



Upon completion of my year abroad I will return to finish my fourth, and final year at university. From there, I will begin a new chapter entering Sandhurst after receiving a scholarship in year 12.

I thoroughly recommend doing this if you are considering military or even if you are unsure about what you want to do in future. I've done some training with the university reservists, including a ski trip in my first year- a thoroughly enjoyable experience and hopefully there will be plenty more brilliant memories to come from my military career.

I wish Winder House and the current students every success in the rest of their time at the school and in the years that follow. They are in safe hands and I'm sure all former Winderians will be envious of the great times that lie ahead of them.







MANY CONGRATULATIONS TO GETHIN & ELENID

A “HAPPILY EVER AFTER” IS  
WHAT WE ALL WISH FOR  
YOU, AND A FUTURE  
TOGETHER FILLED WITH JOY  
AND HAPPINESS, AND A  
WONDERFUL WEDDING TOO!

*I cannot promise you a lifetime of sunshine  
I cannot promise riches, wealth or gold  
I cannot promise you an easy pathway  
That leads away from change or growing  
old  
But I can promise all my heart’s devotion  
A smile to chase away your tears of sorrow  
A love that’s ever true and ever growing  
A hand to hold in yours through each  
tomorrow.*

by Anon

*"Understand, I'll slip quietly  
Away from the noisy crowd  
When I see the pale  
Stars rising, blooming over the oaks.  
I'll pursue solitary pathways  
Through the pale twilit meadows,  
With only this one dream:  
You come too."*

By Rainer Maria Rilke

by Ogden Nash

*To keep your marriage brimming  
With love in the loving cup  
Whenever you're wrong, admit it;  
Whenever you're right, shut up.*





And finally, from the Housemaster

CHRIS MAHON

Such has been the pace of the last six weeks that half-term seems to have arrived upon us in a flash and I’m sure that all the boys will be looking forward to recharging their batteries and catching up with friends and family over the next two weeks. I have been immensely proud of the start that the current crop of Winderians has made to the year, and I have no doubt that they will continue to build on this after the break. Given that we had 25 new pupils join us in September the House has come together extremely well and much credit for that must go to Archie and his team of prefects who have worked hard and done an excellent job in making new pupils feel settled and part of the Winder Community.

It has been good to see boys making their mark on all aspects of school life, something that was very much in evidence last weekend when the whole of year 9 and 7 others were involved in the excellent Night at the Musicals concert on Friday evening with over 30 then representing the school in rugby fixtures on the Saturday followed by a ball, cinema trip and socials in the evening. Over the course of the term, the junior and senior debating competitions have got under way, we have started to compile our submission to defend our Big Draw title, we have celebrated 15 birthdays and we finished the half with a rousing rendition of Journey’s ‘Don’t Stop Believing’ in the House Unison Competition.

Winder House Merits		
September / October 2023		



Year 9		
1	Daniel Young	19
2	Adam Campbell	18
3	Roman Morgan	16
Year 10		
1	Ramsay Soutter	37
2	Archie Cooper	28
3	Marceau Mandavit	25

Year 11		
1	Ted Wakeham	18
2=	Dani Gomez Lopez, Aarkin Kesar	16
Year 12		
1=	Joe Davies & Evan Williams	20
3	Angus Gardiner	15
Year 13		
1	Archie Turner	11
2 =	Will Holmes & Bene Rucker	8

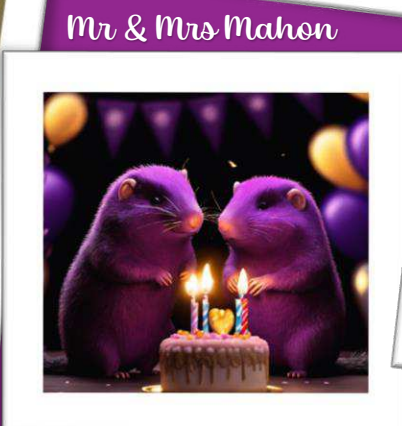
Particular congratulations to year 10 who are on fire!!

Alongside this, the majority (one or two still need to come to the party!) have got their teeth into their academics and special mention should go to Ramsay in year 10 who, at the time of writing, is the leading merit accumulator in the school!

However, there is much more to come, and we will return to the dark nights of November but with fireworks, Halloween, rugby trips, Sedbergh Gives back, Christmas Dinner and so much more to look forward to over the course of the term. I don’t mind admitting that I, too, am looking forward to half-term but, equally will enjoy seeing the boys return in a fortnight ready to take the House from strength to strength over the rest of term.







Mr & Mrs Mahon

